

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

is earnestly a reformer to be found who does not embrace spiritualism as a fact. And the reason is, because it is a fact. A fact that has defied all the philosophers and theologians. Spiritualism is a fact, and nothing more. Facts are very far from being reformers. Every creed in Christendom or heathendom, is a fact, and all reformers know that facts are the greatest obstacles in the way of reform.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

[The following passage occurs in a recent speech made at Boston, by Theodore Tilton, of Brooklyn.]

Some time ago—yes so long ago as the cold weather of Christmas—which is the slave's birthday when the happy festival comes round when he is to be bought and sold—a poor slave woman at Memphis, by the side of her husband, who was a free man, to escape from bondage, with her two little children, and to cross Chesapeake Bay in an open boat. Shortly after they got into a violent north-west wind forced them to go ashore at Annapolis. The little weather-beaten party having a suspicious look, a project was immediately set on foot to arrest and throw them into jail. The husband's anxious eyes were keen enough to see the trap before he fell into it. He hurried his wife and children into the boat, and, notwithstanding the weather, embarked. The storm and cold increased, and their fear increased with it. They trembled at the thought of landing a second time on an inhospitable shore. The man—who was a boat-builder by trade, and of some skill as a sailor—trimmed his sails to keep the boat afloat. The water dashed over the bow, and the mother hugged her infant to her breast to keep life in his body. But life could not be kept there long. Little by little the cold crept through the limbs of the babe, and chilled its blood. The mother looked at her infant as it lay still in her arms. The poor woman shed her tears upon the little face, but they were shed in vain. The child was dead—dead from the cold. She hugged it close to her breast all day long, but at night her husband lifted it over the side of the boat, and dropped it into the sea. Oh! that winter night, and thataching heart! There was one child left, and the mother after many fruitless journeys, in the night, reached the border line of a free State—carrying in her arms the burden of the living child, and carrying in her heart the greater burden of the dead. She was then met by some strangers who proved to be Friends, and who aided her on her way to Canada! Now, this is a story that should single the ear even of a man of iron, but what would the man of bronze have said to it? What if this poor woman, instead of meeting a few Quakers in Pennsylvania, had chanced to have fallen in the way of the great man of Massachusetts, whose image has been set up in the State House yard? What would the great man have done? Why, he might perhaps have been a little touched with natural sympathy, but, as the first step, he would of course immediately have "conquered his prejudice." Then, next, he would have "discharged that duty"—the catching of the fugitive slave—as an officer of high morals and high principles. Then, next, in regular order, he would have turned around, and have said with a complacent smile—"Any man can perform a disagreeable duty." Then—well, what does every man wonder, would have remained for the great man of Massachusetts but to lift up his magnificent head, and to hold it still, until, like his heart, it should become petrified into bronze! And to-day stands the image in the State House yard—in honor of the man who stood up to his place in the Senate of the United States and recommended to Massachusetts that she should catch and return every trembling fugitive slave who, faint and pursued, should come to seek the shelter of the shadow of Buckle Hill—the man who, in the full maturity of his powers, surrendered the high moral principles which had been the honor of his manhood, and his only claim to the confidence of Massachusetts—with the deliberate aim of securing, even at such a cost, the place and chair of the head of the country which he so eagerly hoped would be given to him by the State Power in reward for his recency to the cause of freedom, and his denial of the rights of men!

THE DEMOCRACY BURNING A WOMAN IN EFFEY.

The Democracy of St. Cloud, Stearns Co., must belong to the highest order of the Southern Chivalry. It will be remembered that about a year since, a Democratic mob, headed and instigated by the Winnebago Interpreter Lowry, in the dead of night, broke up and destroyed the press and type with which Mrs. Schwehelm was printing the "St. Cloud Pioneer." It seems that Lowry's friends have not forgotten his early training. Whether at "old" instigation or upon their own basis of "total depravity," they have again been guilty of an outrage upon that talented and enthusiastic woman.

On the 14th, while the Republican meeting was listening to Mr. Gove's speech, an attempt was made by a buffoon and rhymer to disturb and break it up. A portion of the proceedings of the grotesque outsiders was the burning of Mrs. Schwehelm in effigy! Noble Mr. Lowry! Brave and gallant General!

But we will let Mrs. Schwehelm tell the story in her own language.

BURNING IN EFFEY.—During Mr. Gove's speech, our Missouri friends built a great bonfire in front of the Hall, and had a dancing in effigy in the street. They danced and yelled, and beat drums and shrieked, and shouted, and swore and had a comfortable time generally; but we had not passed the anti-deity when the meeting adjourned, and we had not heard this morning, whether we were burnt or laid aside for another time.

This is about the last act in the great Lowry regime, under which men who had incurred the wrath of "ye big ladies" were mobbed and lynched as equally as a mad dog would have been shot, and under which Judge Goodrich was hanged down here in the fall of '57, and refused the right to reply to a gross personal insult.

The great Winnebago must have changed his plan of getting rid of us, for the original programme was to draw us, or duck us until we would consent to leave, as he did the man who settled on some of the many thousand acres he claims the right to preempt. But the Missouri Chief does not seem to much honor this to make us the representatives of that advancing tide of civilization which is fast driving him to the banks of the Red River. At a late meeting in Wilson's Hall, of the Land Office, made us the text of his grand harangue; and it is well enough that the Missouri slave should fight under their true colors. They are the representatives of the woman whipping, baby stealing chivalry of the

South. The great object of their party is to extend and perpetuate the institution of woman-slavery, and it is all right that a woman should, in them, represent the force with which they have to contend. Mobbing women and burning them in effigy is suitable employment for the American Democrats, and we like to see them stick to their trade.

By a private letter from St. Cloud we learn that the effigy of Mrs. S. was duly burned according to the programme! Disgraceful!—Missouri.

THE SALARIES OF NEGRO SLAVES AT WASHINGTON.

We have frequently exposed some of the "tricks and traps" of slave-holding in the national Capital; but there is one little method of pocketing the public funds which we have never been allowed in the press of the country to refer to the practice of hiring negro slaves, the property of prominent officials, as the general government. Complaints are made every day that negroes, in a great number of cases, usurp the post of messenger, &c., which might be filled by white men. If the colored population were benefited or complimented in the operation, objections could not be very well sustained; but the truth is, these "office holders" are the property of members of the Cabinet and other gentlemen high in place under the Administration. The distinguished officer, whose salary ranges from three thousand to eight thousand dollars per annum, takes some of his colored servants from Virginia, or some other State, and distributes them in the departments. The venerable descendant of the wilds of Senegambia stands at the door, and answers the questions of all persons that have business with the Secretary. The men of color are not generally to be found in the department of the owner; the thing would look a little too broad; exchanges are made, so that hardly any man's messenger-proxies to be his own property. The salary is paid to "Massa" and everything goes on smoothly.

This method of "raising the wind" comes legitimately under the head of what may be called sharp practices. A Northern man may go to Washington; and in the manner to which we refer, purchase and pay for, in one year, negroes enough to stock a small plantation. The morality of thus imposing negro labor upon the government, and extending industries and needy white men, is not doubtful.—*Con. Times.*

EFFECT OF THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE AFRICAN TRIBES.

Mr. Paul B. Du Chailu, a young Franco-American, who has recently returned from a tour of exploration in the interior of Africa, to which he was impelled solely by his scientific and philanthropic pursuits, writes for the New York Tribune an account of slavery and the effect of the slave trade in that country. If he is good authority, slavery, in all the barbarous lands which he visited, is milder in power and less terrible in its consequences than the same institution among the ancient Jews. In no part of Africa visited by him is the condition of servitude hereditary in families. All are born free—even the children of the bondsmen; hence, subsequent slavery is the accident of war, the consequence of crime, or the result of superstition.

The effect of the foreign slave trade upon the unfortunate tribes whose it reaches is briefly but unfortunately described. Says Du Chailu:—"I sum, I may say almost with tears, to the foreign slave trade for the market of the white man. 'Poor, down-trodden Africa! When will the civilized world cease to send its vessels to buy their people, when will this most abominable traffic cease, when will humanity triumph over the love of gain, when will the nations of the earth unite together, and listen to the cries of the woe; when will they understand the sorrows of wretchedness we heap upon thee?"

"We know not, nor can we conceive of, the misery which is visited on poor, benighted Africa, unless we go among the numberless tribes which people its shores. But I cannot doubt, that if the civilized world could see how great that wickedness is, there is Christianity enough and philanthropy enough to end it. If the voice of one who has been a lonely traveler and wanderer among them can help but feebly by telling the miseries he has seen, and which have been occasioned by the foreign slave trade, he will be too glad to be able to render that service."

"On any where along the shores of Africa, and in all its interior, wherever the slave trade has been carried on, natives who form the worst, and most wretched population. There is more drunkenness than elsewhere, more trouble of every sort, more wretchedness, a lower morality, more crime, more inequality, than is ever seen in any other tribe. It is easy to understand this. The slave-dealer arrives with his cargoes of rum and of goods. It is his interest to keep, I should say almost all the time, the people in a state of drunkenness, that he may have power over them, and that they may carry on their iniquitous traffic without scruple. So for years it goes on, until the conscience of the natives is perfectly obliterated. We all know that the Africans are poor and degraded, and we all ought to know that it makes them ten times worse when we go among them to establish the slave trade. How long shall we tolerate these unprincipled men who carry on this iniquitous traffic, and who care nothing for the woe they bring upon the Africans, provided their barbaicous shores are well filled with the spoils of the wars of three unfortunate tribes?"

"Let us realize for a moment the woe we send on this doomed land. On the arrival of the slave on the coast, see the frantic joy with which the natives hail its approach! The news spreads from village to village, from tribe to tribe. The white man has come, and bids them begin their mercenary work, and to recalculate old feuds which were forgotten, to make palavers about witches, to bring accusations of witchcraft, to put in force the penalties of slavery, which had been until then forgotten, to sell people for debt, to punish by slavery cases of adultery which were before passed over as extensible in the loose moral code of the Africans. To encourage, in many tribes, the father to sell his children, others to find fault with their kindred, who they say are good for nothing to be sold."

"In the Gallio tribe of the Ogoibi river, they sometimes resort to such means as this to procure subjects for the slave trade. When salt is scarce, and when it is wanted severely felt by this tribe, a man throws salt into a lonely path, and then hides himself in the bush to wait for his prey. The law is, that whoever steals salt is to be condemned to slavery, and victims are never wanting. I need not here speak of the depredations of the slave, caused by the slave trade, among the more powerful chiefs of the kingdoms of Dahomey and Abomey, where those despotic chiefs revel in bloodshed."

The result of the slave trade is, that countries

are thrown into anarchy, villages are agitated, the roads are shut up, all trade is stopped, and all projects to the eyes of the beholder meeting but desolation and wretchedness.

"Harshly and unconsciously dry out against the woe that we, of civilized lands, send upon poor, down-trodden Africa, and may ask, when will this atrocious traffic on the shores of Africa cease forever?"

A FRENCH NIGGER ON AMERICA RAILWAYS.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Switzerland says:

The section of the "Greatest Swiss" which passes through Vervey and Montreux is engineered by a negro, an intelligent Frenchman—not a mulatto, but a veritable black, with wool three inches thick, which, however, contrary to the popular prejudice, does not interfere with the passage of the ideas outward, nor practical usefulness. Immediately opposite the house I inhabit, the railroad comes so near the common road that the embankment, which is some twenty feet above grade, has not room to spread, so that the engineer has been obliged to build two walls to the full height, say twenty feet. The walls are seven feet thick at the base, making fourteen feet the two, gradually diminishing to four each (eight) at the top, the space between being filled with earth and stones. I said to the engineer, the other day, "Is not that wall unnecessarily thick? I never saw such a piece of masonry." His reply was, "No, you Americans build all your bridges and viaducts too slightly. I am familiar with many American works and articles on railroad architecture. You have yet much to learn from us. If you were to build like that, (pointing to the wall,) we should not hear of such awful catastrophes as all your journals, two or three months, the last in yesterday's Paris papers." His reply was, "No, you Americans build all your bridges and viaducts too slightly. I am familiar with many American works and articles on railroad architecture. You have yet much to learn from us. If you were to build like that, (pointing to the wall,) we should not hear of such awful catastrophes as all your journals, two or three months, the last in yesterday's Paris papers." This young man, apparently not over twenty-five years of age, is evidently regarded and treated with the greatest deference and respect by the contractor, sub-contractor and men.

THE FILLIBUSTERING FLUA.

It is a notable evidence of our great commercial prosperity that our Collectors of Customs are, as a rule, so much absorbed in gathering the dues of the Government that they quite lose the power of collecting their own wits in a way to be useful to themselves or others. To day the illustration reaches us that the Manifesto of pirates, Mr. William Walker, has for the sixth or seventh time "eluded" our neutrality laws, and given collector Hatch of New Orleans the slip, has gone off in a steamer to Nicaragua with a new batch of demons, worse than himself, there to enter once more into that unhappy country, which was supposed so short a time since to have been so thoroughly swept and garnished and cleaned of him and his followers. We must, of course, await further developments before commenting upon the responsibility of our Government in respect to this fresh scandal, but it really would seem to be tolerably clear that if Mr. Buchanan hopes to expire officially in peace and honor, he must bend whatever energies he possesses or can command to the extinction of this great filibustering flua, whose annoying industry and disproportionate agility will never be quenched until he shall have finally been firmly caught and nipped between the Presidential thumb and the British forefinger.—*N. Y. Times.*

ORATION ON WEBSTER.

[The Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says that his friend Soukroft has prepared an oration on the Go-t-like, and is prepared to deliver it, if requested. The following specimen brick is furnished as a sample of the whole.]

"Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire from which place, having been started out by his creditors in early life, he came to Boston, where he was owned for 30 years by corporations, who, then finding him damaged and expensive to keep, sold him for \$50,000 to a New York Company, who soon put him off to the Slave Power for a promise of the Presidency. The last purchaser, having got the article, did not pay the consideration, and there being no means of enforcing the contract in the Federal or State Courts, Mr. Webster retired to Marshfield, where, having 'rot' on Mr. Winthrop, he died and was buried with great pomp. He was then duly canonized by Mr. Everett, and his statue by Powers, an execrable caricature, was set up in the State House yard, causing much speculation among the members of the General Court whether it was meant for Pericles, Pompey's Pillar, or the Illegitimate Strap Man in a mood of rapt contemplation; or if it is Webster, whether it is Daniel, Noah or the Professor. Opinions differ. A respectable tailor attracts good custom by advertising that he did not make the pantaloons on this statue. Mr. Webster was a good lawyer, a moderate statesman, a poor diplomatist, and at one period of his life an orator. From this latter complaint, however, owing to full feeding, he recovered. His private life was adorned with some virtues. He was a first rate judge of shewder, the English classic and old stard. He was an expert fisherman (though timid in a boat), a poor shot, and had the best hog in Plymouth County. He attended church with commendable regularity, and his respect for the Methodist clergy was great. He hated a lean ox, an unfilled can, and Abbot Lawrence. He loved brook trout, Peter Harvey, and his country. He left to his family a splendid legacy of unpaid debts, and a sincere love of good liquor. He was a good-looking man, Powers to the contrary notwithstanding."

The great army and innumerable company of American insolents will continue through all time to hail him as their august apostle, and will treasure his memory and copy his example with affectionate fidelity and respect. To all good little boys, and Presidential aspirants, the chief lesson of his life is, *Own Thumps!*

From the N. Y. Times (N. Y. Tribune).

A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH.

Quite a sensation was created in our city on Friday last week, in consequence of the supposed murder of a negro girl, by her mistress, on the night previous.

The circumstances are these: Mrs. Wash, who has been a resident of this city for several years, was known to be a woman of rather an excitable temper, and a severe mistress to her servants of which she had two, both girls. On Friday morning a report was circulated, said to have originated from Mrs. Wash, that one of her negro girls had run away; and about nine o'clock the supposed runaway was seen by some one rather uncommonly in a remote corner of Mount Morris Cemetery; it seems that this person noticed some one's suspicion, and upon examination, the body of the "runaway slave" was recognized and exhumed. An inquest was held over the body, and a verdict rendered that the deceased came to her death through ill treatment and severe beating, inflicted

by her mistress and a hired man. The report soon circulated through the city; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Wash, in company with the hired man before mentioned, took flight in a buggy, going to a depot on the H. and St. J. R. R., about thirteen miles distant from this city, where they left the buggy, and took the cars for Hannibal. Meanwhile a posse was dispatched in pursuit, and orders telegraphed to Hannibal to have them arrested in case they went there; and on the arrival of the cars an officer was at the depot to receive the travellers, and they were brought back to this city. Mr. Wash and family are in deep distress in consequence of the unfortunate circumstance.

The negro girl in question was about sixteen years old. Since the above circumstance, the other negro has disappeared. It is generally understood that she was sent to St. Louis and sold. She was also very much abused by having been whipped and beaten, having bruises on her head and person.

Mrs. Wash is a native of Kentucky, having lived in Illinois a few months previous to removing to this city. She has lived in this city several years, and is known to be a woman of very quick and unchangeable temper; and amongst those best acquainted with the circumstances, there is but little doubt as to her guilt.

GRAT BRITAIN.—The steamship Fox, Capt. McClintock, sent by Lady Franklin to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, has returned to England, having been completely successful! At Point William, on the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record was found dated April 25th, 1848, signed by Capt. Crozier and Fitz James.

The record says the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previously in the ice, five leagues to the northwest, and the survivors, in all amounting to 105, were proceeding to Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died June 11th, 1847, and the total deaths to date had been nine officers and fifteen men.

Many interesting relics of the expedition on the western shore of King William's Island and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after their abandonment one ship was crushed in the ice and sunk, and the other forced on shore, where she remained. The Fox was unable to penetrate beyond Bells Straits, and wintered in Beaufort Bay. Minute and interesting details of the expedition are published. Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, &c., and a duplicate record up to the abandonment of the ships were discovered.

Communications.

[We tried to make room for this communication last week, but could not. Although election day is past, yet it is well after as before it, to gather up the fragments of testimony, so that nothing be wasted.]

MODERATOR, Oct. 2, 1859.
FRIEND JONES: At a meeting of the Republicans in this place, addressed by J. A. Garfield, nominee of that party for State Senator, and Wm. Steadman, nominee for Representative of State, on Friday evening Sept. 30th, I submitted the following questions, which were responded to by Mr. Garfield.

1. Do you believe that the colored man, African, or negro (as he is variously called in the country) is susceptible of the same joys and sorrows, amenable to the same laws, and endowed by the creator with the same inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as the white man? In short do you believe in the Fatherhood of God and consequently in the universal brotherhood of man?

Answer.—I do.
2. Have Governments the right, and ought they to have the power to take from any man or woman this inalienable right to life, liberty and happiness unless guilty of crime.

Answer.—They have not the right, and ought not to have the power.

3. Do you call that a Christian Government that recognizes property in men and women? And what is our duty toward such a Government.

Answer.—Our duty is to reform such a Government.

4. Has our Government, State or National from its formation to the present, ever given the same protection to the colored man as to the white?

[Our correspondent omitted giving the reply to this question, which must assuredly have been an emphatic No.]

5. Can a man be a consistent christian and conscientiously give voluntary support to a Government that recognize the right of property in man, and allows him to be sold on the auction block with cattle and swine.

Answer.—I know of no such Government.

6. From what we have seen of the Republican Party whenever they have had the Supremacy in this and other States, have we any reason to expect that, should they again come into power, whether State or National, the colored man will receive, from their legislation, and under their administration of the Government, more effectual protection in person and property than he has received from other political parties and former administrations.

Answer.—We must learn to wait as well as work; and says Mr. Garfield, a man can be a consistent christian and support the Republican Party; and it is his duty, and thus be true to his country and God.

Mr. Garfield is the Principal of the Hiram Institution and a Disiple Preacher. He believes the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, unconstitutional, but holds that the master has a constitutional right to reclaim his slaves. And yet Mr. Garfield says he knows of no Government that recognizes the right of property in men and women and allows them to be sold like brutes. I submit these questions and answers to you, Mr. Editor, for further comment as I know your ability to do so.

On Saturday, evening Oct. 1, the Republicans held another meeting which was addressed by Mr. Norris, nominee of that party for State Legislature from Summit County. Mr. Norris was very bitter in his denunciations of the Democratic party for enforcing the present Fugitive Slave Law, and said that the Republicans went in for its repeal, and that they meant to hold the South to the strict letter of the constitution. But he further said there was no dodging the point, but that the master had a right to reclaim his slaves under the constitution. He insisted that the Republicans were in favor of enfranchising the colored man in this State, and conferring on him every political right and privilege which the white man enjoys, and was very loud and earnest in declaring that the Republicans were opposed to the enforcement of the Fugitive Law. He closed by saying to all voters, that, in a few days they were to perform a

very sacred duty, that with them rested the responsibility. Whichever party they voted with, the principles of that party they thereby became responsible for, and whoever they voted for, became their agents, and they couldn't escape the responsibility.

At the close of Mr. Norris' address, Mr. A. M. Hale replied in a short speech, saying if it was any worse for Democrats to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, than Republicans; to which Mr. Norris replied, No, adding that the Republican candidates were opposed to enforcing it. Mr. Hale then read what Mr. Denison said in his Cleveland speech of the enforcement of the law, yet while it stood unopposed upon the statute book, he would obey it, &c. This rather took the wind out of Mr. Norris' sail, and in his reply, he said, if he were Governor he did not know but what he would have done the same thing. Mr. Hale then read from one of Denison's speeches, in regard to enfranchising the colored man, in which he (Denison) says "I am in favor of repealing the odious law passed by the Democratic legislature of last winter, and let the constitution remain just as it is." It is not necessary that I quote the constitution of the State of Ohio on this point, although every school boy knows that but comparatively few colored men can vote under its proper or strict construction; and it is enough to say that no reply was made by Mr. Hale on this point. It does seem to me that Republicans, when they hear or read the speeches of their candidates, overlook these important points, for when they are read to them they are struck with consternation, and confusion ensues.

Then again it is strange to see what a conflict of ideas these speakers have of their own party platform, and of the action of that party should they get the supremacy State and National. One says that the platform of the party affirms that Congress has power to prohibit slavery in the Territories and abolish it in the district of Columbia; and another believes the Constitution of the United States to be entirely opposed to slavery, and that it no where recognizes or makes any regulations or provisions for the master to recapture his slaves, and last, but not least in point of influence on the masses, is the Rev. Mr. Garfield who says that Congress has the right to exclude slavery from all the Territories belonging to the United States in which the District of Columbia must be included, and of which Congress is the legislator and that the master has a right given him in the United States constitution, to reclaim his slaves in any part of the United States—a foot of land on which he can say "I am free."

And yet this Rev. Gentleman has the audacity to stand up and say "I know of no Government that recognizes the right of property in man and allows him to be sold on the auction block with cattle and swine." These Republican speakers start out by saying to the people that there are great issues between the two great parties—Freedom and Slavery. But really when we come to slimmer it all down, the best thing that the Republicans offer to the poor toil worn slaves is an assurance that they intend to keep the slave owners out of the Territories; (that is from working their slaves there, they may go and hunt them in any part of the Union), and by that means they will starve out master and slave some fifty or a hundred years hence. Oh what a hopeless consolation. And yet Rev. Republican candidates, stand up before the people and say, ye fellow citizens you can be consistent christian and conscientiously support the Republican party, and thus truly save your country and God.

Respectfully Yours

J. S. CLEMMER.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO OCTOBER 15, 1859.

THE BUGLE can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Treasott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

FRANCIS ELLIS WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

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PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ELECTION DAY.

To-day is the ever memorable second Tuesday in October, when the free, independent, and sovereign people of Ohio, designate by their ballots whom they will choose to frame laws for the protection of their rights, and the rights of all who come upon their soil, whom they will select as the exponents of those laws, and whom they will appoint to execute them. Their State, though young in years, ranks as the third in the Union; and with the waters of Erie washing its brow, and the ripples of the Ohio at its feet, it forms the connecting link between the older East and younger West. Possessing a soil rich in mineral deposits and agricultural yield, over which are scattered the homes of her more than two millions of children, she is of herself in extent, in resources, and in population an empire State. And on this day, animated by the love of freedom, guided by an intelligence worthy of admiration, and prompted by an unselfish patriotism, her people wield the elective franchise, and by the magic of a vote create anew a government which is all the philanthropist and the statesman can desire.

Such, at least, is the theory of election day; the practice of the people on that occasion may perhaps be found to be slightly different. We very much question, indeed, whether a hundredth part of either the Republican or Democratic voters have any correct appreciation of the doctrine of man's equality, or any desire to secure to every human being within the reach of their government influence, the rights which belong to man; but there is a mass of testimony to the contrary, sufficient to convince any one who holds himself open to the reception of truth. And the nominees of the people are like unto them—a band of conspirators against human rights. Take the State ticket and the County tickets of the respective parties, question the nominees, man by man, as to their understanding of the doctrine of human rights practically illustrated, and their intention to maintain, defend and secure those rights, and you will find that the only difference between the representatives of the respective parties, is a difference in degree and not in principle; for the candidates of both parties utterly ignore in practice the existence of the central doctrine of human rights—man's right to himself.

Whatever opposition any of them may feel or express, as party men, to the extension of slavery, that opposition is based upon a selfish principle, looking not to the rights of the colored man, but to the pecuniary interests and political privileges of the white man.

However differently they may profess to regard the right and legalizing of the slave trade with Africa, it is made a simple question of expediency so long as both parties tolerate the trade between the States in American born slaves.

Whatever pretensions of abhorrence slaves, party may make through its representatives in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, they are agreed in regard to the Constitutional rendition of fugitive slaves, agreed in consenting to act as the bloodhounds of the South, the Democratic warring a Federal, and the Republicans a State policy; and they are wholly and entirely agreed in making a war upon slavery in the States in which the institution exists.

Such are the political sentiments of the representative men, whom the people of Ohio are required, with pathetic eloquence, to sustain this day at the polls. To secure a triumph, temporary, prevarication, and lying are freely resorted to by both parties; and with the hope of securing agencies, men have done as politicians, and for the party, deeds, which in their calmer moments, and for their individual benefit, they would sooner cut off their right hands than perpetrate. And not only will whiskey and lager beer make drunk ten thousand, and lanes of thousands of Republican and Democratic voters, but the wine of politics will make all, or nearly all drunken who partake of it, and the ballot box, which to-day fulfills the political character of the State, will be crowded with the votes of those who blindly and recklessly follow the lead of their unprincipled leaders and who—truth compels us to add—"pay the whole hog" for their party.

Such is a plain statement of undeniable facts. And however humiliating may be the reflection that to such men is given the present moulding of the political character of our institutions, it is nevertheless true; and those who comprehend it as such, can read in the fact the future career and ultimate destiny of our nation, unless by the new universally deplored facilities of preaching, and the so-called impracticable example of consistent action, the leaven of anti-slavery shall be infused throughout the whole land, and work out the redemption of the people.

OF WHAT USE?

Facts and arguments are oftentimes wasted upon the subjects to whom they are presented, either because the minds to which they are addressed are not able to perceive a fact or comprehend an argument, or because having determined to do a certain thing, it matters not to them whether they go counter to reason and truth, or in conformity with both. They have resolved to do the thing, and do it they will.

There has been considerable interest manifested in certain quarters during the last few months, to ascertain the true position of Judge Gholson in relation to the slaves, whom the Republicans affirmed he had emancipated, and the Democrats declared he had sold. We believe very few Republican editors appeared to regard the matter as worthy of much attention, inasmuch as the alleged sale could not justly be made to militate against his position as a nominee of the Republican party. Not so, however, with the editor of the *Worcester County Democrat*, who did really appear to wish for light upon the question, and anxiously desired to have the matter definitely settled.

Well, he has had a flood of light. He had first copies of the bill of sale of Gholson's slaves, with a challenge to deny their correctness; second, a letter from a citizen of Tennessee, entering into the details of the matter; third, the ominous silence of all deeds of emancipation; fourth, the equally ominous absence of all authoritative contradiction of the reported sale; and fifth, the admission of the *Ashland Sentinel* that the alleged emancipation should be placed to the credit of Gholson's father, and not to that of the son.

Three stout Gholsons; not with the antecedents of an emancipator, but of a slave-seller! And in view of these facts, what is the conclusion of the *Democrat*? Just the conclusion it would have made to had the opposite been proved—to support Gholson through thick and thin, to go for the party, the whole party, and nothing but the party. Read the following article from last week's *Democrat*, and then say if it was not utterly useless, and worse than a waste of breath to attempt to enlighten the editor in regard to Gholson's antecedents and present position, when it was evident by a foregone conclusion with him, that neither facts nor arguments should influence in the least degree his action in the premises.

POSITION OF JUDGE GHOLSON.

We publish in to-day's paper, a candid article, from the *Ashland Sentinel*, in reference to the position of Judge Gholson. No political party necessity shall induce us to attempt any deception upon the people, to make a candidate, or even a whole ticket. The article referred to, is an important information for the people, and all that can now be reliably known, relative to the present position and views of our Judicial candidate. With these facts before the public, no one need be deceived, and no one should be surprised, in the case of Judge Gholson, at any development in the future, should our candidate be elected.

Should we vote for our own nominee, with the present light before us, or contribute to the election of the pro-slavery, Dead South decision candidate, on the other side?

As the nomination of Judge Gholson, was, when made, a triumph of radical free principles, over conservative bunkumism, on will his election, with every acknowledged drawback back to the man, be a triumph over the aiders and abettors of "the sum of all villainies."

Under all the circumstances of the case, we shall feel it to be our duty to cast our vote for Judge Gholson—but let every man be persuaded in his own mind, weighing all, and with unimpassioned precision, responsibility and consequences.

In our opinion, all things considered, the welfare of our cause, and the interests of our party can best be subserved by voting for our ticket, the whole ticket, and nothing but the ticket.

RESIGNATION OF JUDGE SWAN.

Judge Swan has sent in his resignation of the Supreme Justiceship, to take effect on Tuesday next week. We are not aware that he has given his reasons for so doing, but many will probably attribute it to the dissatisfaction expressed in regard to his halcyon corpus decision. It is certainly desirable to preserve the independence of the Judiciary, but when a Judge feels he must be more than a mere puppet, and feels it because of put him in office speaks, and the circumstances of the mode of his appointment, and the circumstances which surround him, it is worse than folly to talk about the independence of the Judiciary—cannot arise.

The Atlantic Monthly has a circulation of thirty-four thousand copies.

Miscellaneous.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

While looking, the other day, in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the title of which led me to dig into it. "Bugs on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful anatomical mechanic of Leicester Square, whom the Queen delighted to honor with commissions for services rendered to her wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, but never realized to myself the art with which man can take out the defects of nature until I glanced over this little volume; the contents of which so struck me, that I was determined to see for myself how far that cunningly devised man can simulate the handwork of our great mother. I was received courteously, and explaining the nature of my errand, an assistant was sent through the different workshops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes' conversation with my conductor left the impression upon my mind that, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise; for, happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "He" said he, very seriously, "the only way the vital principle, give us nervous centers and sound vessels, and we find all the rest."

"But," said I, not prepared for this liberal offer, "suppose a man had only three inches of stump?"

"Three inches of stump!" he replied, contemptuously, "with that allowance we could do anything. There is," said he, somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs, who goes out hunting in a cloth-bag strapped on his horse's back. If we could only get hold of him, his friends, in six weeks, would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's attitude, certainly went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second, and third-class limbs, however, as of everything else.

"What," said I, "do you make banisters as well as legs?" pointing to a shelf-full neatly turned and painted.

"Banisters?" my dear sir," he replied, a little doubtful, "these are our Chelsea penicillars."

And to a closer examination such they proved to be. Here was the hard third-class fact simple and unadorned.

"And these buckets?" I rejoined, pointing to some pieces of hollow wooden cones placed one within another.

"Buckets the word!" said he, reaching one down, and screwing a banister into its lower end.

"These are our Chelsea penicillars complete. But this is nothing to what they have in store at Chelsea Hospital. During the war we could not make them fast enough, and they were obliged to apply to the fast-makers. Fast," said he, seeing the surprise in my eyes—"Arms, too. You should see the rows and rows stored on the shelves—your shoes hanging out like so many hundred ducks of umbrellas. Government can only afford hooks for soldiers and sailors, but officers who are not able to pay can get new legs and arms of the very best construction at the expense of a grateful nation, by simply applying at the Horse Guards."

All the while this serio-comic conversation was going on, a workman in the cooler possible manner was working away at a most delicate little leg that would bear some of the most delicate in the Judgment of Paris—a faultless Balmoral boot and the daintiest silk stocking covered proportions that Madame Vestris might have envied.

"These," said my companion, are some of our first-class goods. Would you like to see the mechanism? Goodbye, pull down the stocking!" With that the workman bared the limb, while my companion put it through its paces. "This, you see, is our patent knee cap and patella, and this the new vulcanized india-rubber tendon. Achilles, here, in the last, you will observe a spiral spring elevating the toe, and if you will just observe (opening a little trap door in the back of the calf), here is an ingenious contrivance by which the bending of the knee elevates the front part of the foot, thus allowing it full play to swing forward clear of the ground."

Certainly it was an admirable contrivance. "And can a man or woman progress easily with that arrangement?" I said.

"Do you know Lady?" said he.

"Yes."

"Nothing the matter there?" he rejoined interrogatively.

I was obliged to confess, not to my knowledge.

"That's her spare leg, nevertheless," he replied triumphantly.

"Spare leg! what do you mean?"

"Lord bless you! look into that cupboard. I have the spare members of half the town there duly labeled. Things will go wrong with the best conducted limbs; and know difficulties we keep duplicates here which can be applied at the shortest notice. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, once lost the pin out of his knee joint, and sent for his biographer. A young lad, up from the country sent his arm another Mr. Smith's box containing an arm—very awkward."

"Will you allow me?" said I, trying to read the names on the boxes.

"Certainly not," said he, shutting the door and turning the key. "This is our Blue Beard's cupboard, and I wouldn't even allow my wife to peep into it and look at our hands."

There they were—some clenched, some spread out, some in the act of holding, some gloved, and displayed like Vanderbilts, as if to challenge attention.

"Now, what will they do?" said I, almost doubtful whether the clenched fist would strike.

"Do anything," said he, "by means of the hook inserted in the palm, it can lift, or hold the ring, almost as well as the natural member. Observe the beautiful operation of the spring thumb, showing the grand privilege of man and monkey, by means of which it can grasp a fork, or lightly squeeze a footstep."

"Do you supply fingers and such small dear?" I inquired.

"Fingers, too, nose, lips—we take them as they come. A gentleman with but one finger on his left hand came to see the other day, and asked to have the poppet made up. We fitted on the rest, and attached them by means of a silver ring on the remaining finger—movement perfect; you should see him pass his finger through his hair—natural as life. The hand is a wonderful thing; that little peg—legs are mere A B C, but the hand is the alphabet of the world."

"I have heard," said he, "that the City of Washington is a drawing of a pretty thing. A Hottentot's finger-tripper had his hand bitten off by a bear, and came to us to replace it."

"Do you want something really useful?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"So I made him this dagger, fitting into his strong-arm socket. He sleeps in his dagger, and finds it particularly handy, when there are bears about. Look at the action of this spring and retractor; you have only to touch the little button in the elbow, and the fore-arm closes as natural as life. Who would wear an empty sleeve when a member like this can be obtained? We always recommend our arms and hand patients to wear a clock nearly hidden over it, as it prevents any attempt at hand-clanking. We don't warrant the clock—the clock isn't quite natural."

"Much about the more delicate operations—eyes and nose?"

"Oh, we do any feature at a moment's notice. Nose, for instance; the best way is to bring a patient to the modeler, who first designs the missing member in clay after a portrait or from imagination; from this an india-rubber cast is taken, to which we fit on a pair of spectacles, to break the flesh line; and when the superstructure is complete, an artist puts in the complexion."

"And eyes?" I added, deeply interested.

"Eyes we do not do so much in," he added apologetically. "There is M. Buisson, from Paris, who travels with all the eyes of Europe—from the black of Andalusia to the blue of Scandinavia."

"But how are they applied?"

"Easily as possible," he added, pulling out a drawer and displaying the upturned gaze of witless scores. "Let me see," said he, rapidly taking up eyes after eyes, and comparing them with my own. "Light gray—that's a good match. Now, with this little ivory thing we pry the eye into its socket; the muscle being left, we get good motion, and the deception is perfect. A lady once showed her good eye and went up to the glass to see her false one. There is one little drawback, however; you can wipe away a cold tear perfectly, but as the eyeball itself is not sensitive, the flies sometimes walk about upon it, which looks odd."

"You must see a real deal of maimed humanity!" I said.

"And vanity, too," he replied. "But I am afraid I must leave you, as I see there is a leg-blower-knee, two noses, and an arm waiting to see me in the waiting-room, and there is the cab—we are next leave day, I suppose—it is the Honorable Augustus Withersham calling for his calves."

As I walked homeward, my head full of the subject I had been dwelling upon, it seemed that the artificial man met me in detail everywhere.

There were his teeth glinting at me in the glare outside the dentist's shop—teeth in sets, with the new patent elastic india-rubber gums, warranted equal to the living tissue, without the disadvantage of growing gum-boils. How many fair dames smile at us whose flashing ivory have lain for years on continental battle grounds, or may be under the verdant churchyard and at home!

The hairdressers' windows, again bloomed with deception. Here, indeed, are his hands a stride. The old stereotyped form of wig with its sprawling wavy curl of glossy black across the forehead, flanked with the frothy bosses of curls on either side, leaving the hard skin blue to disclose the bungling hand of man—this is gradually giving way for higher efforts. Mark, for instance, that wig, so puritanical in its plainness, with a few gray hairs artfully cast in; see, again, what efforts have been made with the net parting, to simulate the thin rooting of the hair; and, again, how to setting on gradually fuses off towards the forehead. And what shall we say to those long coils of gold which hang in such pendulous richness; these are the contributions of the poor German peasant girl to London fashionable life. Does my Amelia take out her natural tresses with these shining snakes of glossy hair? Does my maiden aunt Bridget hide the gradually widening parting of her once raven locks with that plated coronet? What member is there in this artificial age that we cannot count on as genuine? what secret bodily defect that that wicked "Finger" does not show up in its advertising sheet and tell us how to uncover!

And if the individual can thus craftily be built up, imagine, good reader, the mighty dissolution. Picture your vallet taking off both your legs (such things are often done) carefully placing away your arm, disengaging your wing, raising your your glass eye, washing and putting by your monstrosities, and, finally, helping the bare vital principle into bed, there to lie up in ordinary, like a dismantled bulk for the rest of the night! In these latter days we are, indeed, sometimes, as the poet said, fearfully and wonderfully made; and like the author of Frankenstein, we may tremble at our creation.

A. W.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The buildings cover about three acres of ground. Many of its rooms are copied from the classic models of Greece and Rome. The employes number about one thousand. Several of the officers reside in the bank. The notes redeemed each day are checked, cancelled, and put away in boxes. After keeping them ten years they are burnt. The accumulation of the last ten years, now in the vaults of the bank, amount to three thousand millions of pounds; and yet any one of these notes can be returned in a minute, and the history of its issue and its return given. The bank does all its own printing, and several presses are kept busy. Everything is done by machinery; the note is not touched by the pen before it goes out. I held in my hand yesterday one note for a million of sovereigns! In the billion room, ingots of gold were piled up like cords of wool, and silver bars in vast mountains. The machines for detecting light coin and for cutting them are exceedingly ingenious, and yet simple. Every banker's deposit is weighed, and all the little pieces cut nearly in two, and returned the next day. The system of the bank is as perfect and exact as clock work, and yet, in spite of all precaution, some small forgery is almost daily detected. But since the great forgery committed by Artful, for £200,000, the bank has not lost any very heavy sum. Although in 1823 capital punishment for the crime was abolished, when the "old fogey" predicted that everybody "hard up" would turn forger. In the specie department of the bank, there are bags and boxes of sovereigns and half-sovereigns enough to make a miser mad. There are mountains of gold-drops, for which millions are nightly being laid and perpetrating all conceivable crimes. I was asked to fetch a big bag of sovereigns, and for some, I murmured, I felt a sovereign digress for money.

ANALOGY CORRUPTED AT WASHINGTON.—We have seen, of late, the proposal in more than one quarter, that something should be done towards removing the mortal shores of the City of Washington. The city has been for years without law, and abounds so in temptations to the grog and vice dissipation, that it is high time that the

matter was taken in hand, by the people. Those familiar with vice in all the capitals of Europe say, that in none of them does it assume so gross and cynical a form, with men of the same social standing as in Washington. Among public men, or public deputies gathered together for the night, there will unavoidably be much indelicacy, or much license. But the degrading and vulgar form which vice assumes, at the capital of this country, is almost incredible. Any one who bears frequent commerce of the been companionship of certain gay society and representatives, has heard enough in all conscience, to resent him, and condemn him of the outrageous impropriety of sending such persons to our national councils.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN!

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Our father's growing old, John!

His eyes are growing dim,

And years are on his shoulders laid,

And you and I are young and hale,

And each a stalwart man,

And we must make his head as light

And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John!

At odds and the plow,

And earned our porridge by the sweat

That trickled down his brow;

Yet never heard we him complain,

Whether his toil might be,

Nor wanted we a welcome seat,

Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy-strength came, John!

And sturdy grew our limbs,

He brought us to the yellow field,

To share the toil with him;

But he went forward in the sweat,

Twining aside the grain,

Just like the plow that heaves the soil,

Or ships that clear the main.

Now we must lead the van, John!

Through weather foul and fair,

And let the old man read and dose,

And tilt his easy chair;

And he'll not mind it, John, you know,

At any to-day's war.

Those brave old days of British times,

Our grandfathers and the war,

I heard you speak of, Ma'am, John!

The gospel what you say,

That, caring for the life of us,

Has turned her head so grey!

Yes, John, I do remember well

When neighbors called her vain,

And when her hair was long and like

A gleaming shaft of rain.

Her lips were cherry red, John!

Her cheeks were round and fair,

And like a ripened peach they swelled

Against her warty hair;

Her way fell lightly as the leaf

From off the summer tree,

And all day busy at the wheel

She swung to you and me.

She had a bonum arm, John!

That wielded well the rod,

When'er she would step on our feet

The path forbidden trod;

But to the heaven of her eye

We never looked in vain,

And ever more our yielding cry

Brought down her tears like rain.

But this is long ago, John!

And we are what we are,

And little heed we, day by day,

Her fading cheek and hair,

And when beneath her faithful breast

The tide no longer rises,

'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel

We had no friend like her!

Sure there can be no harm, John!

Thus speaking softly low,

The blessed names of those are long

Shall welcome us no more.

Nay! hide it out, for why should'st thou

An honest tear disown?

Thy heart one day will lighter be

Remembering it has flown.

Yes, father's growing old, John!

His eyes are getting dim,

And mother's treading softly down

The deep descent with him.

But you and I are young and hale,

And each a stalwart man,

And we must make their paths as smooth

And level as we can.

"It was my business,"—While passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb-stone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well-patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-breaking expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken toy. It was a figure of a man.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another." And we dropped a few pence into his hand. "That will buy you, will it not?" "Oh! yes," replied he, pouring into a paroxysm of grief, "but that was my father's Tommy, and he is dead."

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the remedy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pity tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such a disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it should have been Mrs. M., then Mr. M. Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"

"You are content! Such a disgrace!"

"But I have said I was forced to write and a letter sent for my wife to read!"

"Oh! so! It is committed in the most obvious language, but the degrees?"

The husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the cause of nearly breaking his wife's heart.

Reader, you couldn't guess the cause in an epistle.

It was no other than a bill from the printer, for nine years' subscription!

A most sensible woman. She ought to be admitted a member of the craft.

GOOD ADVICE.

BY A QUAINY OLD POET.

To you who would save your features from fading, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead, from age's desecration horrid,

Adopt this plan—

'Twill make in climates cold or hot, A hale old man.

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet; Restrain the passions' lawless riot; Devoted to domestic quiet,

Be wisely gay;

So shall you, spite of age's fit, Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure, But seek your richest, dearest treasure, In books, friends, music, polished leisure;

The mind, not sense, Make the sole scale by which you measure Your opinion.

This is the science, this the science, Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance, That disports not man's reliance, Waste or his state, But challenges with calm defiance, Fame, fortune, fate.

A SCENE AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

The St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago Press furnishes the following:

The most exciting incident of the Fair was the grand race away, last evening, and smash-up among the fastest men who were showing off their horses and sulkeys in the ring Thursday afternoon.

About twenty-five horses and sulkeys were flying round the ring, in the presence of ten or twelve thousand persons, when one driver ran into the gig of another one, which frightened his horse.

The horse bounded off at full speed, striking several other horses and sulkeys, and starting them off likewise. Within a minute the panic and runaway feeling were communicated to almost every horse in the ring. Gigs were smashed to splinters; drivers were hurled headlong from their seats to the ground and run over; some of them held up to the reins, and were dragged along; one or two got caught with their feet in the wheels and were hurled about in a frightful manner. Some of the horses attempted to jump over the railing among the frightened spectators. Others plunged madly for the entrance and exit places, and dashed their vehicles to pieces against the sides of the passage way.

Just picture to your mind a score of high mettled horses, attached to carriages, all running away promiscuously on the space of an acre—crashing against each other, rolling over and springing up, plunging, kicking and squealing, strayed and across the arena, in pell-mell terror and confusion, with portions of broken gigs following their heels, with their drivers rolling or dragging in the dirt among the debris of sulks and hoofs of the frightened horses; add to this the rush of a hundred hardy men into the ring, trying to stop the horses, many of whom getting loosely kicked down and run over, and the shouts of ten thousand men and screams of five thousand women, and you can form some idea of how the scene looked to the spectator. In five minutes it was all over, and horses, men and gigs had cleared the ring. Strange to tell, no one was killed, though several received severe contusions, and few escaped without bloody faces or soiled and torn garments. The whole accident strongly reminded one of the descriptions given of the old Roman gladiatorial combats with wild animals, witnessed in the great Coliseum of Rome. The last exhibition of horsemanship was not down in the hills, and the crowd adjourned for their homes and supper places, after witnessing this ring performance.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowlip

Should hang its golden cup,

And say, "I'm such a tiny flower

I'd better not grow up!"

How many a weary traveller

Would miss its fragrant smell;

How many a little child would grieve

To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the gleaming dew-drop

Upon the grass should say,

"What can a little drop do?

I'd better roll away."

The blade on which it rested

Before the day was done,

Without a drop to moisten it

Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze

Upon the summer day,

Should tell themselves too small to cool

The traveller on his way,

Who would not miss the smallest

And sweetest breeze that blow,

And think they make a great mistake

If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness

A little child may do,

Although it has no little strength

And little wisdom too!

It wants a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do

For others by its love.

A minister noted for the somewhat innumerable professions of preacher and money-lender, was proferring a prayer in which was the following petition: "Grant that we may have more interest in heaven!" "Don't do it!" exclaimed one of the congregation, "don't do it." The old stinner gave five per cent a month now, and that's enough, the Lord know!

GOD'S BOON.—The flowers do not improve the sun to meet them. He looks down with genial warmth, and draws them forth from the dark ground to rejoice in his light. And why should we rejoice God to grant us the spiritual boon we desire, as if He were cold and unwilling, when over us He hangs like the sun over the earth, rich in all bounty and longing to bestow it?

A DIGNIFIED STR